

No one messes with Toothless

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Summary: When it came to a certain Night Fury, there was absolutely nothing that was impossible for Hiccup. It had always been that way, always was and always would be. One-shot.

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Weak. Useless. Troublesome. He was too familiar to those words. They were his life a few months ago. Then boom. Understanding. Loyalty. Respect. Friendship. They hit him, hard. What truly was ironic was that the being who introduced him to those wonderful concepts was a dragon. Night Fury. Toothless. Not his tribe. Not his father. Not the teenagers. And he felt okay. Fantastic to be exact. The historic moment, when Toothless gently placed his snout on Hiccup's little hand, was the moment he would remember until he died. Not when his father said he was proud of him. Not when the village respected him and looked up to him. Not even when Astrid kissed him on his lips. No. His life actually began when Toothless came in. Suddenly, acceptance of his people and father was nothing. And Toothless' happiness and existence became the only thing he cared of. So yes, he might be a crippled fishbone, but everything would be possible when it involved his best friend.

Convincing the other tribes was nothing but annoying. But they succeeded with every tribe in the end so they didn't complain. Hiccup became a celebrity and Toothless turned into a symbol of loyalty. Almost no-one understood that the Night Fury wasn't a pet, but a friend, a companion, a guardian, everything. But he didn't expect them to. He knew. Toothless knew. That was enough. Too good to be true.

Until today. Hiccup couldn't lift a weapon. Hiccup couldn't harm a fly. But he killed a dragon with size of a mountain. He became friend with the offspring of lightning and death. So it meant that he could

do anything. Sadly, people weren't wise enough to figure that out.

"Well lad, congratulations. The weakling has to take a stand, eh?"
"The chief laughed merrily as he clapped on his shoulder as Stoick smiled warmly at his son. He just nodded and half paid attention to the people in the hall. The main focus was on the black figure that he loved so much.

The heir of aforementioned chief had visited Berk when Hiccup was young, when his name was still accompanied with the word _the Useless_. The guy excelled at killing dragons though so the situation was a lot of take in, not to mention his arrogance that rivaled Snotlout. Unlike Snotlout who spent most of his time boasting with his big mouth, the heir stayed quiet with an annoying smirk on his face. He couldn't understand why Hiccup was treated like royalty. Yes, he made friends with a dragon, a _crippled _one and became crippled himself, what's so glorious about that?

"Is it possible for your son to become chief with that leg of his?"
"Said the guy smugly with the tone that boiled others' blood.

Stoick suddenly found the ground really interesting to stare at, leaving the question to Hiccup. The dragon trainer tried to ignore his father's reaction at the question but he couldn't help feeling a little offended. He stated:

"I think I can manage it just fine, with the help of Toothless, my best friend." "There was crystal clear pride in his voice, and said dragon crooned supportively at his rider.

"Ruling a village with a beast, I don't consider that a wise solution, Hiccup."

"I suppose that's way better than ruling without a proper brain."

"Well, at least it requires some muscle strength to lift a spear up in order to protect your people, doesn't it?"

The conversation had taken not-so-favorable turn. The older heir, who was glaring intensely at Toothless, had lost his cool while Hiccup wore the whatever-you-say-Mr.-Brainless face.

"That dragon of yours wouldn't be here forever to look after your pathetic ass you know."

"I don't ask him to."

Before their departure day, the other tribe and Berkians had a friendly sparring contest in the arena. Hiccup wasn't allowed to participate and he made no comments about it. He knew his own condition and he wasn't going to deny the truth. But Stoick had failed miserably at hiding his disappointment that Hiccup couldn't fight to be compared to other heirs. Toothless stayed with him during the contest, watching cautiously at the weapons that the contestants pointed at each other. The Night Fury wanted to make sure no weapons "got lost" and made their ways to Hiccup, who didn't have the strength to take another fatal blow this year. Sensing Hiccup's mild

but well-hidden sadness, the intelligent dragon gave his boy some space. Suffocating the young blacksmith wasn't a good idea when he wasn't at his best.

"Come on, just give it a try, Hiccup! You won't lose another leg!"
"The other heirs laughed mockingly. Stoick just sighed and eyed the arena sadly. "Or perhaps your dragon can fight for you instead!"

Hiccup wasn't a violent person. He'd never been able to lift a weapon properly. He proved those facts wrong right the second he saw a spear made its way toward his first and best friend.

"NOOO!"

If Thor of Asgard didn't hear that, he must have been deaf. Before anyone could actually make out what was happening, they saw the first Dragon Rider shielding his Night Fury with his scrawny body. Stoick felt his blood leaving his face as the weapon was inches away from his son's chest but never hit anything. Hiccup raised his arms and caught the flying spear just as it scratched his right cheek, leaving it bleeding a bit. Toothless let out a horrible roar that shook the entire arena, preparing to make the boy from another tribe pay for his action but

"Stay Toothless."

The dragon tilted his head and cautiously scanned Hiccup's face for any signs of pain or discomfort. But he found none. Nothing to be true. The chief's son's face was absolutely emotionless. Everyone presented was quiet. Toothless expressed his urge of dealing with the other tribe's heir again but his rider shushed him gently, but his tone was quiet and strange:

"I'm fine and I got this Toothless."

Hiccup took a deep breath and threw the spear away, his hands started to clench into fists.

"Well, no harm done, I apologize for" "The father of the boy who stupidly threatened Toothless' life broke the silence but was quickly shut up.

"YOU COWARD!" "Hiccup shouted angrily, his green eyes burned with flames.

The dragon rider lunged at the other boy, who was too shocked to react but then snapped out of his smirk as Hiccup threw a punch at his face. He snarled at the scrawny brunette dangerously as he introduced his axe, but faster than lightning, Hiccup took out the little dagger in his fur vest and threw at the other's hand, hitting dead on its target rendering him dropped the axe. The villagers and guests gasped at the sight when Hiccup snatched more daggers from the other people nearby as he passed then started throwing them at the other boy with no difficulty, each throw was carefully calculated and accurate ended up with the bigger kid backing backwards until he was stuck in front of the wall.

"You want a fight? Fine, now you have one!"

Hiccup walked towards the other boy deadly calmly and slowly like he was strolling around to relax. A dagger was pinned on the wall right next to the other kid's neck. Stoick darted to where his son was as he picked up the little boy.

"That's enough, Hiccup."

"Put me down, _father_, the fight isn't _finished_!" â€" Hiccup struggled in Stoick's arms fiercely; slashing his father's arm with the blade resulted in freeing himself from his father's strong grasp.

An enormous black figure appeared in front of Hiccup, standing between him and his opponent. Toothless crooned gently, nudging his friend to stop. This wasn't Hiccup. The chief's son refused to meet the dragon's big green eyes, because if he did, he wouldn't be able to carry on his current task. A sick desire was blinding him from wanting to see anything but blood of the coward that threw a weapon at his best friend.

"Step aside Toothless; I don't want to hurt you." â€" He grumbled quietly but the menace in his tone had vanished.

The Night Fury didn't leave his spot, if he'd learnt anything from Hiccup, it was his admirable determination and stubbornness. Toothless' tail made its way secretly behind Hiccup's back and lifted the little Viking up in the air, forcing him to look at his best friend in the eye. All madness and wrath that presented in his green eyes was swept away the second they made contacts. The dagger dropped on the ground in instance. Hiccup took a few deep breaths and looked at his surroundings. His eyes met his father's and he said loudly and clearly:

"I'm sorry dad, for losing control over my temper but I must let you all know one thing."

He gestured for Toothless to lift him higher.

"I will do it again, without hesitation."

Hiccup's eyes softened at Toothless' face. The dragon stared at his cheek with disapproval, the pupils wide and round, the pure image of concern. He said:

"Let's get out of here, bud. Then you can mother me by licking the scratch on my cheek."

Right after the duo left, Gobber confronted the chief with some kind of smugness on his face. His apprentice wasn't hopeless in weapon-wielding at all. In fact, no-one was able to throw daggers that straight and _calmly _in years.

"You know Stoick, with that Night Fury around, your concern for Hiccup is absolutely unnecessary."

The chief didn't have time to decide what he was supposed to feel about this. The other tribes didn't dare to whisper an insult toward his son or the dragons of Berk during their stay. He was somewhat proud and relieved that his son wasn't defenseless at all. But he couldn't refrain from asking a serious question: How far would his

son be willing to go for that Night Fury?

End
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